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Poetry.

FOR THE HERALD.

The Last Song.

'Twas the night before the momentous battle of Gettysburg, the last night in June, that glorious month of roses, but far beyond the perfume of her flower laden breezes slept Lee's Grand Army.

The moon in her solemn beauty bright
Looked down on the tented field,
Glittering cold 'neath her lambent light,
Shone swords of burnished steel.

Sentinels paced their weary round,
Their comrades wrapped in sleep,
Night reigned, the stillness was profound,
While stars their vigils keep.

Two soldiers sat from the rest apart,
They talked of home, and of to-morrow,
Of kingly mien and noble hearts,
Which now were filled with real sorrow.

"Bob," the fair-haired soldier boy,
Said as he clasped his comrade's hand,
"To-morrow will bring either grief or joy
To thousands of homes in our sunny land.

"Bob, should I fall, to mother write,
Tell her I had no thought of fear,
That her boy was found in the thickest fight,
And freely died for the land so dear.

"Then one more song, Bob, let us sing,
One song my own loved home of thee,
What precious memories it around me brings,
That home I never more may see."

Clear and sweet on the night air still,
Their voices rose in pathos deep;
Home, Sweet Home, the encampments fill,
And angels bend o'er the scene to weep.

The reveille beat at dawn of light,
The fair-haired boy led his brave band;
"Strike!" he cried, "for freemen's right,
For home and country bravely stand."

Night's sable curtain once more fall,
But no sweet song the encampment fills,
No more will he wake to the reveille's call,
His bounding heart is cold and still.

And Bob his blanket sacredly folds
Around the form of his comrade dear,
And buries the brave boy now so cold,
His only epitaph—a soldier's tear.

Williamston, S. C. MAGGIE.

Selected Story.

UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.

STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

"Oh, auntie, I want to die now! What is life worth without his love?" The warm light of the fire shed its bright glow upon the soft, fair, troubled brow, the deep spiritual eyes, and perfectly formed crimson lips of a beautiful young creature, as she threw herself into a chair, and addressed these words to a silver haired old lady at her side.

"Hush, Mary, my poor child, you must not speak thus. What is the trouble? I have long feared you and Charles were not living happily, but I refrained from asking questions, fearing I might wound your feelings."

"And so you would have done, Aunt Agnes, had you mentioned the subject a week ago; for, although I have been wretchedly miserable for the last six months, I would have gone to the stake before I would have admitted it; but now everybody knows it, and I have come to you for comfort."

And the young wife wept bitterly.

"Everybody knows it! I do not understand you, my child. What has happened?"

Wiping the tears from her eyes, pretty Mary Stanwood, the bride of only a year, begun:

"You know I have never pleased Charles in anything since we went to housekeeping. I can't sew, I can't cook, nor do anything else; in a word, I am no housekeeper. And he has a perfect mania for a neatly kept house, a well set table, a well cooked dinner, and a tidy wife. I know, auntie, it all seems very foolish to you, but it is a great trial to me. I have tried, and I can't learn; perhaps I would have made more progress if Charley had acted differently, but when I make an effort he never praises me for it, and if I fail, he ridicules me until I have just given up trying, and have left things to Jane, who, you know, is a very indifferent servant. Yesterday morning the steak was burnt, the coffee was muddy; to-day the bread was heavy, the eggs overdone, the beef raw. Charlie flew into a passion and said a great many unkind things as he arose from his untasted breakfast. And when I cried, and said I wished I was at home with mamma, he said he wished so too—and many things I could not repeat." And Mary Stanwood's voice completely broke down.

Soothing her gently, Mrs. Allen, the good aunt, who had known and loved the spoiled child from her babyhood, said:

"Mary, how deeply I sympathize with you is more than I can express."

"Oh, auntie, I have not told you the worst yet. When Charley left home he went straight to Annie Glenn and spent several hours there, and he does this very often. She has won his love from me; this is the true reason of our unhappiness. I have come to tell you this, and to tell you I am going home to mamma."

And the sorrowing young wife wept bitterly.

"Mary, you know I am your friend; and if what I am going to say to you wounds you, it is yet for your own good. You have done wrong, my child. I admit Charles, knowing your tender rearing as the only child of wealthy parents, should not have been so exacting; but he has been accustomed to the superior housekeeping and good management of a domestic mother and industrious sisters, and he doubtless attributes much of your errors in making his home comfortable to indifference on your part. He does not understand your difficulties, nor does he deem your efforts praiseworthy, because he has been in the habit of seeing others make them as a matter of duty. As for his visits to Annie Glenn, I can, I think, explain them. Mrs. Glenn is a good housekeeper and a splendid cook; Annie, a bright, intelligent girl, who does not grow cross over her household labors. So, if Charles sometimes drops in there to partake of the deliciously prepared little meal, and chat with the friend of his childhood, in her bright, pleasant little parlor, over the last new book, it is not surprising."

"Oh, auntie, it may be true, but Charles is cruel and unkind, and I am sick of it all. I am going home to mamma; she won't want me to cook, and sweep, and make a drudge of myself."

"Hush, Mary; you do not know what you are saying, and surely you forget the vows so solemnly spoken just one year ago. It was until death do us part that you promised to be the wife of Charles Stanwood. Then it was not for health, happiness and sunshine you took those vows, but 'for better, for worse;' and now, my child, if the worse has come so soon to blight the orange blossoms, you must bear it."

"Oh, no, I cannot; I must go back to my old home—my dear home, where everybody loved me. I never want to look upon Charley Stanwood's face again," sobbed the homesick young wife.

"Don't, Mary; don't speak those words," said the old lady, with white, trembling lips. "They are an echo in my heart that sounds like a funeral dirge. And now, my dear niece, ere you take this important step of leaving your husband and your home, allow me to tell you something of the history of my own life—a chapter whose sad story has never been unfolded to the view of your brighter young life.

"Mary, I was about your age—seventeen—when I married Carlton Allen, the handsomest man in our town. Like yourself, I was a spoiled child—the only girl in a family of ten children. I was too young to understand the sacredness of marriage, or to appreciate the depth and strength of the manly nature of my husband; yet I loved him. He was very considerate, very indulgent, and I presumed upon his affection and goodness until our home became very miserable, and at length, alas! desolate. I had always followed my own wishes in all respects, and when I married I made no change. One day we were to have a large dinner party. Carlton was not well, and I had arranged to have it without consulting him. Among the guests was a gentleman to whom my husband had a decided antipathy. He was too much of a gentleman to treat any guest with rudeness, but the next morning he called me to him and told me never to invite that man into his house again. I answered angrily. One word brought on another, until I declared my intention of going home, saying to my husband, as I left the room: 'I never wish to look upon your face again, Carlton Allen.' And oh, my God! I never did; for that night my noble, manly husband was killed by a violent fall from his horse. When they told me at home, next morning, of my bereavement, I fell senseless to the floor, and for months I lay hovering between life and death. At length my strength and youth triumphed, and I recovered to pass my life in a sorrowful atonement for the folly of an hour. Since then, my child, I have never seen a young wife render her home unhappy without great grief to my heart."

When Mrs. Allen ceased speaking her niece was sobbing very gently, and she felt sure her end was accomplished, even before the penitent young wife murmured:

"Oh, auntie, I thank you so for this story, which I know was so hard for you to tell. I will go home at once, and I do not think Charley will ever have cause to complain of me again. I feel that I can learn to keep house, and make any and every sacrifice for his happiness."

"Keep house," exclaimed Mrs. Allen, in cheering tones, "of course you can. Because you can paint, draw, and play on the piano, that is no reason why you cannot learn to manage your household affairs with prudence and neatness. You should not want any one to say that the stupid servants of the kitchen can excel you. Surely, if they can acquire the mysteries of cooking, so can you. And now I am going to send my cock to stay with you a month. But mind, you must not spoil her; you must manage and see to everything yourself, and assist her."

"Oh, dear, good auntie, how shall I thank you?" exclaimed Mrs. Stanwood, seemingly forgetful of all her trouble.

"By doing all you can for your husband's comfort," solemnly replied the old lady.

* * * * * * *

Two years had elapsed. In the pleasant little dining-room of the Stanwoods sat the young wife of Charley Stanwood, upon whose fair brow rested an expression of peace rarely seen. In the center of the room was spread a table decorated with great taste and beauty. The damask cloth was snow white, the silver and china were spotless, while flowers decorated the glasses and shaded the pretty cakes and abundance of sweetmeats prepared by Mary Stanwood's own hands. Her own toilet was faultless, while the smoothly brushed curls of the lovely child at her side told that neatness and order ruled over this happy household. Suddenly, where the lady sat in the embrasure of the window, a shadow fell athwart the sunlight, and, raising her bright love lit eyes, she saw the object for which she had so long watched approaching.

"Mary!"

She arose and sprung toward the open door, lifting her fair young face to the speaker, while he stopped and fondly kissed her. The soft hand closed caressingly on his larger, darker palm, her lips were tremulous; her eyes, loving in their earnestness, looked up winningly.

"Oh, you have come at last, Charley and I have waited so long and so impatiently for you."

"You have missed me, then?"

"My heart misses you always, but especially to-day, for you know it is the anniversary of our wedding day."

"And are you happy on this our wedding day, Mary?" he asked, counting back to the dreary days when their wedded happiness came well nigh being lost.

"All my life is happiness."

"Thank God! And now, my perfect little housekeeper, allow me to compliment this pretty table and elegant dinner. Mary, do you remember when you once thought it impossible to learn to manage your household affairs in the manner I then unreasonably demanded of my child wife? What, darling, ever changed you so? Who taught you to keep house?"

"Love," answered the proud young matron, and with humbly bowed heads and grateful hearts the fond young husband and the faithful wife renewed the vows of fidelity, to be kept until "death do us part."—*Housekeeper.*

Miscellaneous.

BEAUTIFUL PROVERBS.

Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves.

He that has lost his credit is dead to the world.

No one is a fool always; every one sometimes.

Forgive any, sooner than thyself.

In a thousand pounds of law there's not an ounce of love.

The pleasure of the rich are the tears of the poor.

Speech is the picture of the mind.

It is better to sit with a wise man in prison than with a fool in paradise.

Be a friend to yourself, and others will.

Where drums beat the laws are dumb.

Deep lies the heart's language.

Every bird loves to hear himself sing.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

A deformed boy may have a beautiful soul.

A fool may make money but it requires a wise man to spend it.

A good horse cannot be of a bad color.

A man may talk like a wise man and act like a fool.

A quick conscience sleeps in thunder.

A wicked book is the wickeder because it cannot repent.

A wise man may look ridiculous in the company of fools.

By others faults wise men correct their own.

Content is the philosopher's stone that turns all it touches into gold.

Continual cheerfulness is a sign of wisdom.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.

Good preachers give fruit and not flowers.

He is never alone that is in the company of noble thoughts.

Hope is a waking man's dream.

Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune.

Lawyer's houses are built on the heads of fools.

Men shut their doors on the setting sun.

Never quit a certainty for hope.

Night is the mother of thought.

No estate can make a man rich that has a poor heart.

Nothing to be got without pains but poverty.

The best friends are in the purse.

The chief end of man is not to get money.

The most lasting monuments are made of paper.

The pen of the tongue should be dipped in the ink of the heart.

They that value not praise will never do anything worthy of it.

Though the heavens be glorious, yet they are not all stars.

We ought either to be silent or to speak things that are better than silence.

To every bird its nest is fair.

Old tunes are sweetest, and old friends are surest.

Put a snake in your bosom and when it is warm it will sting you.

War's sweet to them who never tried it.

Every one thinks himself able to advise another.

Speech is silvern, silence is golden.

Good repute is like the cypress, once cut it never puts forth leaf again.

The present number of churches in London is 802, an increase of sixteen the past year. The clergy has increased from 1,375 to 1,445.

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree.

They who weep over errors were not formed for crimes.

[Olive Logan's Philadelphia Letter to the New York Graphic.]

PARIS REPRESENTED AT THE EXPOSITION.

Have you ever been in Paris? If not you can go now. It's here. (What isn't here?) A nice-looking blousard from the Faubourg St. Antoine—but he appears to have left his blouse at home—is as busy as a bee from morning till night building the City of Paris over by the Restaurant des Trois Freres Provencaux. On the border of the beautiful lake where the fountain plashes, he has been allotted a sizable kitchen-garden patch of ground, and there he is planning Paris in solid chunks—the buildings, the streets, the parks, the triumphal arches, monuments, bridges, statues, everything. Isn't that a fascinating fact? He has got the city almost done now.

As I passed to-day he was giving his attention to the wall of Paris—solid stone, mind you—which he had got all laid out in the precise shape it takes in all its irregularity as it surrounds the town, and was solidifying it with mud on the inside, stamping the soft clay into the shape he wishes it to remain and harden in baking in the sun.

The River Seine winds through his city, its channel bare as yet, but he will let the water in as soon as he gets all the bridges fastened in place and the islands hardened into shape.

Every slope of the streets of Paris—the rise of the Boulevard where it bends at the beginning of the Montmartre division—the climbing streets at the steep hill at Montparnasse—the winding ups and downs of the Belleville quarter—everything is there.

The Champs Elysees and the Tuileries Gardens are represented by smooth spaces thickly planted with evergreens and studded with statues.

The Vendome Column is recognized where it stands—about two feet high, I judge—in the Rue de la Paix. The buildings are exact models in every important instance, and the houses which line even the most insignificant streets are all patterned after the real houses of Paris.

All this of course in little—in very little—space, for it would be out of the question to build all Paris, even within grounds so spacious as these, without reducing the copy considerably.

The industrious blousard strides about in his Paris like a Brobdingnagian giant taking a stroll through a city of Liliput. Ten steps carry him from the Bastile to the Madelaine. He places one foot easily behind the Arc de Triomphe, while the other toe nestles in the shrubbery by the Jardin Mabille. A better way for one who has never been there to get a good idea of Paris could hardly be found on this side of the ocean, while those who are familiar with the French capital, linger delightfully on the edge of the blousard's city and point out the various features with enthusiastic recognition to their untraveled friends.

BEWARE OF OPIATES.—In order to induce natural and healthful sleep such methods are to be adopted as will abstract an excess of blood from the brain. This may be accomplished by exercise, which draws off the blood to the more weary organs; while a well ordered digestion demands the blood that keeps the brain in too great an activity for the stomach, where it is needed. To sleep well, too, according to Dr. Ferrier, one must, if possible, rid himself of all care, anxiety and disturbing thoughts as the natural season of repose approaches. A brisk walk towards the close of the day, and when the brain has been overtaxed, is commended to us. But Dr. Ferrier warns—and it were well if he could be heard everywhere and heeded—from opiates as "dangerous ground." They do not produce sleep so much as torpor. If you cannot get sleep by methods which nature itself dictates, he says, it is full time to call in the family doctor.

We know a gentleman who is really in love with his own wife.

AN INTELLIGENT COLORED VOTER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TESTIMONY IN A VIRGINIA ELECTION CASE.

George Washington, colored, takes the stand, while four anxious limbs of the law in eager anxiety await his testimony.

Q.—How old are you?

A.—Dis cummin July, a year gone, I were guyin on close to fifty. Yes, jess fifty.

Q.—When, where, and for whom did you vote?

A.—Yes, sar, I was.

Q.—Did you or did you not vote for Knight and Starke?

A.—I was guyin down the street 'lection day, a white gemman says, says he, is you procured wid a ticket. I included thar were some kinder [interrupted and told to answer the question.]

Q.—Did you or did you not vote for Knight and Starke?

A.—I was giv two tickets, one of 'em had those name and the other didn't, but I voted de right ticket, kase Mr. Capt. Knight's name were writ on it in big printing.

Q.—Can you read or spell?

A.—Kin spell.

Q.—Can you spell horse?

[Washington at this juncture seemed somewhat dumbfounded.]

A.—Horse! horse! Lemme see. Well, now, you'se crowdin me most too tight; but come at me wid c-o so, or any them words, I right thar.

Washington's getting so terribly mixed excited some suspicion of the counsel on the other side as to his veracity, and suggested the idea of a further examination, which commenced with the following questions:

Q.—How long have you resided here, and what is your vocation?

A.—Well, sar, when I were 40 year old, my master (that used to was) put me at the blacksmith business, as also horseshoeing, which I were worked at ten year. Den I tuk to carpentring and making shoes, and so on like, and kep pegging away for sum eighteen year more. Suddintly de war braked out, which I den went to Carolina on a farm, which I stayed on a farm till freedom.

Q.—How long was that?

A.—Well, I spect averaging close on to 9 year and 14 month. Times gettin hard I included to work on a steamboat and follered de river sum 17 years more. And since that time—fact fur de las 14 or 15 year is followed mostly 'ligion and politics, and were once in the Legislature and twice in the penitentiary, uv which I quit jess for de election.

Washington was interrupted here and told that was enough. The examining committee were so lost in the fog of events that but one of them remembered any of the evidence. He, however, being of a mathematical turn, had kept account of the time Wash had given to trades, &c., and by actual count Wash was 119 years old, allowing one day in the Legislature and two days in the penitentiary.

He was a very young man. A few stray hairs upon his lip attested the fact that he was engaged in a deadly struggle with a mustache. He went into a variety store on Main street, and said to the proprietor:

"Have you Charles Reade's 'Lost Heir?'"

"No, I haven't," replied the storekeeper. "But," he continued, looking into the young man's face, "I've got something that will make that mustache of yours start out like boils in spring time."

A FACTITIOUS FANCY.—Servant—"I really could not undertake to look after the library fire, mam."

Lady—"Indeed! I cannot see that there is anything derogatory in it; I am sure I should not mind doing it myself."

Servant—"Oh, very likely not, mam; that's just the point we've come to, mam; you see your class is a going down and my class is a-going up."

"Woman is a delusion, madam," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "A man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

MISSISSIPPI ARITHMETIC.

Last winter a negro in my employ, says a correspondent in Alabama, concluded to go to Mississippi and went. One day this winter I saw the same negro approaching my house, the following colloquy took place:

"Well, Hilliard?"

"Howdy, boss?"

"So you have got back, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you like Mississippi?"

"Well, boss, ain't the land rich? Why, it's rich enough to sprout niggers."

"Then what's the matter? Didn't you get enough to eat?"

"O yes, boss, I tell you I didn't like the Mississippi arithmetic, for the very day I got to Aberdeen, a white man hired me for half the cotton and one-third the corn I could make. I was to pay him for what he furnished me. Me and Abner and John, my two boys, got plenty to eat, and thought we was doing bully—for we made 15 bales of cotton and 500 bushels of corn, and other truck according. When we got the crop all gathered, Mr. Williams, the man we worked with, called me up and said: Well, Hilliard, I have let you have 200 lbs. of meat. I will charge you 23 cents a pound for that. I let you have so much meal. I charge you two dollars a bushel for that. I let you have so many plugs of tobacco. I will charge you forty cents a plug for that, and so on.

"And bless the Lord, that white man sot down and pulled out his book and pencil and commenced making figgers. I heard him say: "'Ought's er ought an 1 nine's er nine,
And all the corn and cotton's mine.'

"That's the reason, boss, I didn't like Mississippi arithmetic, and that's the reason I came back to old Alabam."

VANCE ON BILLY SMITH.—"They tell me," said Vance, "that Smith charged last night that I ran away from Raleigh on a barebacked mule. Well, I confess I did leave, but I left on a horse and retired in good order. Smith was in Johnston and had lost his horn, and couldn't get his dogs up, and what was I to do but run for it? There was no one to signal the enemy's approach." [Roars of laughter.]

"Shall I hit him again, or let him alone?"

"Give it to him!" yelled the crowd.

"No, I can't do it, gentlemen. Bill Smith was my right hand man during the war. He was the fiercest officer after conscripts and deserters I had, and helped me weed out the red strings. No, I can't do it. I feel like the Irishman when he killed his pet pig, and held it up by the tail while his son held the axe to knock it in the head, 'Kill 'im aisy, b'jazus, he feels nigh to me.'"

[*Raleigh News.*

Gov. Tilden receives an annual salary of $10,000 as Governor of the State of New York, which is the highest paid in the Union. Louisiana pays $8,000, California $7,000, Nevada $6,000. Eight States—Kentucky, Massachusetts, Missouri, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin—pay $5,000. Three States—Alabama, Georgia and Ohio—$4,000. Arkansas, South Carolina and Florida pay, each, $3,500. Kansas, Indiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey and Tennessee pay, each, $3,000. Illinois, Iowa, and Maine pay, each, $2,500. West Virginia pays $2,700, Connecticut $2,000, Oregon $1,500, Delaware $1,300, and Michigan, Nebraska, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Vermont pay their Governors, respectively, a salary of just $1,000.

In Philadelphia they have handkerchiefs with the Declaration of Independence printed on them in French, German and English, so that one can now blow his nose in three languages in the Quaker City.

A wag, in "what he knows about farming," gives a very good plan to remove widows' weeds. He says a good-looking man has only to say "Wilt thou?" and they wilt.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged are little thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

Zeal without knowledge is the fire without light.

SHATTERED LIVES.—Many of the misfortunes of women's lives owe their origin to vacant or dissatisfied minds. Few women attach sufficient importance to the care of the mental faculties. Their sphere of life being more limited than that of men, they have not so wide a choice of occupation or amusement. This often cause women who are naturally capable of considerable mental exertion, to use their powers in an inordinate and unnatural degree, until they become masculine in manner, or eccentric. Often they fall into the opposite extreme. Not being possessed of sufficient force of character to take up any really intellectual pursuit, and being easily influenced by any unusual excitement, they rest their hopes of happiness on such slight foundations that when these fail them they have no power to rally. The vacant mind broods over trifles for sheer want of occupation; inaction produces a feeling of fatigue which induces a desire for solitude; solitude soon gives rise to melancholy, and a general weariness of existence makes the sufferer only too glad to embrace any chance of relief. Hence arise ill-assorted marriages, melancholia, religious mania, and conventual life. To prevent the mental faculties from sinking into lethargy, nothing is more effectual than change of occupation or scene. It should be the practice of every one to cultivate at least one form of mental occupation other than that which forms the chief object of life; for a wide range of knowledge is of inestimable value, and may prove to be not only a means of recreation and pleasure in profitable times, but a source of profit and comfort when accident or misfortune renders it impossible for the ordinary pursuits to be followed.

Mr. J. P. Benjamin Q. C., the ex-Confederate Secretary of State, furnishes a strikingly exceptional instance of an American breaking through the social and professional conservatism which excludes Americans from the liberal professions in England. He landed in the country where he is naturalized almost destitute of clothing and money. But a few practicing barristers can boast so large an income as he now enjoys, his fee in the Franconia case amounting to $6,250 gold. Mr. Benjamin entirely ignores every illusion to the Southern rebellion, and his success is due to legal knowledge and power in pleading, without adventitious aids.

Hogg was a good writer; but he can't be considered a-side of Bacon.

The favorite flower for wedding bonnets—Marry-gold.